THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22. 1792.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS

ON THE POLITICAL PROGRESS OF BRITAIN.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Dutch prowefs, Danifh wit, and Britifh policy,
Great NOTHING! mainly tend to thee. ROCHESTER.

SIR,

THE people of Scotland are, on all occasions, foolifh enough to interest themselves in the good fortune of an Englifh minister; though it does not appear that we have more influence with such a minister than with the cabinet of Japan. To England we were for many centuries a hostile, and we are still considered by them as a foreign, and in effect a conquered nation. It is true, that we elect very near a twelfth part of the British House of Commons; but our representatives have no title to vote, or act in a separate body. Every statute proceeds upon the majority of the voices of the whole compound afsembly: What, therefore, can forty-five persons accom plifh, when opposed to five hundred and thirteen?

They feel the total insignificance of their situation, and behave accordingly. An equal number of elbow chairs, placed once for all on the ministerial benches, would be lefs expensive to government, and just about as manageable. I call these and every ministerial tool, of the same kind expensive, because those who are obliged to buy, must be understood to sell *, and those who range themselves under the banners of opposition, can only be considered, as having rated their voices too high for a purchaser in the parliamentary auction †.

There is a fafhionable phrase, *the politics of the county*, which I can never hear pronounced without a glow of indignation; compared with such *politics*, even pimping is respectable. Our supreme court have, indeed, with infinite propriety, interposed to extirpate what are called in Scotland, *parchment barons*, and have thus prevented a crowd of unhappy wretches from plunging into an abyfs of perjury. But, in other respects, their decision is of no consequence, since it most certainly cannot be of the smallest concern to this country, who are our electors, and representatives; or indeed, whether we are represented at all. Our members are, most of them, the mere satellites of the minister of the day; and are too often as forward as others, to serve his most oppresive and despotic purposes.

* "I have BOUGHT you, and I will SELL you," was the answer of a *worthy* representative to his constituents, when they laid before him instructions for his conduct in parliament." *Political disquisitions*, VOL. I.

† To this general censure, we can produce a few exceptions, but the individuals are so well known, that it would be needlefs to name them.

It seems to have been long a maxim of the monopolizing directors, of our southern masters, to extirpate as fast as poſsible every manufacture in this country, that interferes with their own *. Has any body forgotten the scandalous breach of national faith, by which the Scottiſh distilleries have been brought to destruction? Has not the manufacture of starch also been driven, by every engine of judicial torture, to the last verge of its existence? Have not the manufacturers of paper, printed callicoes, malt liquors and glaſs, been harraſsed by vexatious methods of exacting the revenue? Methods equivalent to an addition of ten, or sometimes an hundred *per cent.* of the duty payable. Let us look around this insulted country, and say, on what manufacture, except the linen, government has not fastened its bloody fangs.

By an oriental monopoly, we have obtained the *unexampled privilege* of buying a pound of the same tea, for six or eight shillings, with which other nations would eagerly supply us for twentypence: Nay, we have to thank our *present* illustrious minister, that this trifling vegetable has been reduced from a price still more extravagant. His popularity began by the commutation act. Wonders were promised, wonders were expected, and wonders have happened! A nation, consisting of men who call themselves *enlightened*, have consented to build up their

* The linen manufacture is the only one that ever was seriously encouraged by government in Scotland, and that it is well known was done merely to divert the Scots from attempting to engage in the favourite *woollen* manufacture of England. It was perhaps foreseen that no encouragement would ever establiſh that as a national manufacture in this country.

windows, that they might enjoy the permiſsion of sipping in the dark a cup of tea, ten *per cent.* cheaper than formerly; though not leſs than three hundred *per cent.* dearer than its intrinsic price. A second example of the *bleſsed* consequences of an East India company, is about to be exhibited in the course of this winter seſsion. It has been long a great grievance to these "*honourable* merchants," that we ourselves can manufacture cotton stuffs, both cheaper and better than the Gentoo articles of that sort which they import into this country. A tax is therefore intended to be laid on the cotton manufactures, equal to a prohibition. I mention this from the best authority*, and I wiſh to aſk my countrymen, whether they are prepared to submit to this last extremity of disgrace and injustice? The object of this statute cannot be revenue, but destruction. This is indeed no new system in the management of this country. In the Excise annals of Scotland, that year which expired on the 5th of July 1790, produced for the duties on soap, *sixty-five thousand pounds.* On the fifth of July last, the annual amount of these duties was only *forty-five thousand pounds*; and by the same hopeful progreſs, in two years more at farthest, our masters will enjoy the pleasure of extirpating a manufac-

* It is well known, that for several years past the East India company have been selling coarse India muslins below prime cost, with the intention of ruining that branch of the manufactures of this country; but in vain. I have not before heard that the bold measure mentioned in the text has been seriously intended; and though, from the manner in which this ingenious correspondent writes, he would seem to be well informed, yet I cannot help doubting, if any minister will ever be so fool hardy as to attempt a measure so extravagantly impolitic. *Edit.*

ture, once flouriſhing and extenſive. Two men were ſome years ago executed in Edinburgh for robbing the Excise Office of twenty-ſeven pounds; but offenders may be named, who ten thouſand times better deſerve the gibbet. We have ſeen that oppreſſive ſtatutes, and a method of enforcing them, the moſt tyrannical, have, in a ſingle year, deprived the revenue of twenty thouſand pounds, in one branch only, and have driven a crowd of induſtrious families out of the country; and then our legiſlators, to borrow the honeſt language of George Rouſe, eſquire, "have the inſolence to call this GOVERNMENT."

Such are the glorious conſequences of our ſtupid veneration for a miniſter, and our abſurd ſubmiſsion to his capricious dictates!!

At home Engliſhmen admire liberty; but abroad, they have always been barbarous maſters. Edward I. conquered Wales and Scotland, and at the diſtance of five hundred years, his name is yet remembered in both countries with traditionary horror. His annals are ſhaded by a degree of infamy uncommon even in the ruffian catalogue of Engliſh kings.

The rapacity of the BLACK prince, as he has been emphatically termed, drove him out of France. At this day, there are Engliſh writers who pretend to be proud of the unprovoked maſsacres, committed by his father and himſelf in that country; but on the other hand, Philip de Comines aſcribes the civil wars of York and Lancaſter, which followed the death of Henry V. to the indignation of divine juſtice.

Ireland, for many centuries, groaned under the moſt oppreſsive and abſurd deſpotiſm; till, in defi-

ance of all consequences, the immortal Swift, like another Ajax,

> "Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light."

He taught his country to understand her importance. At last ſhe resolved to asſert her rights with firmneſs. The fabric of tyranny fell without a blow; and a ſhort time will extinguiſh the last vestige of a supremacy, diſhonourable and pernicious to both kingdoms.

In the East and West Indies, the conduct of Britain may be fairly contrasted with the murder of Atabaliba, and will prove equally ruinous to the detested conquerors.

While our infatuated politicians exult in the capture of Bangalore, and the maſsacre of the subjects of a prince, at the distance of six thousand leagues, I am convinced from the bottom of my heart, and so will the majority of my countrymen be long before this century has elapsed, that it would be a circumstance, the most auspicious both for Bengal and for Britain, if Cornwallis and all his myrmidons could be at once driven out of India.

But what quarter of the globe has not been convulsed by our ambition, our avarice, and our baseneſs? The tribes of the Pacific ocean are polluted by the most loathsome of diseases; our brandy has brutalized or extirpated the Indians of the western continent; and we have hired by thousands the wretched survivors to the taſk of bloodſhed. On the ſhores of Africa, we bribe whole nations by drunkenneſs, to robbery and murder; while in the face of earth and

heaven, our senators afsemble to sanctify the practice.

Our North American colonies were eftablifhed, defended, and lost, by a succefsion of long and bloody wars, and at a recorded expence of at least two or three hundred millions sterling*. We still retain Canada at an annual charge of six or seven hundred thousand pounds. This sum is raised by an Excise, which revels in the destruction of manufactures, and the beggary of ten thousand honest families †. From the province itself we never raised, nor hope to raise a fhilling of revenue; and the single reason why its inhabitants endure our dominion for a month longer, is, to secure the money we spend among them.

Laurencekirk,
30th January 1792.

TIMOTHY THUNDERPROOF.

REMARKS ON GRAMMAR.

OF all the sciences that can engage the attention of man in the ordinary course of studies, that of GRAMMAR is perhaps the most intricate. When this is

* In the war of 1775, Britifh officers pilfered books from a public library, which had been founded at Philadelphia by an individual more truly estimable than one half of the whole profefsion put together; I need hardly subjoin the name of Franklin.

† Look into Kearsely's or Robertson's tax tables: What concise! what tremendous volumes! When our political writers boast of Britifh liberty, they remind us of Smollet's cobler in bedlam bombarding Constantinople. If the victims who groan under our yoke, were acquainted with the confusion and slavery which our avarice or mad ambition have inflicted on ourselves, a very considerable fhare of their abhorrence would be converted into contempt or pity.

adverted to, we must doubt the propriety of that maxim, so often inculcated in modern times, *viz.* the necefsity and propriety of initiating young persons in the principles of the grammar of their mother tongue. To give this precept the sanction of sound philosophy and common sense, grammar ought to be considered in two distinct points of view, *viz.* first as a *practical art*, and second as a *science*. As a practical art, it is impofsible to initiate the child too soon into the knowledge of it. This is to be learnt, like other practical arts, by imitation, precept, and example. In this way, if those who have the superintendance of the education of a child, be correct in their language themselves, and attentive to guard against any deviation from it in the pupil, merely by telling him when ever occasion calls for it, "you ought not to say thus; but thus," here putting him right, every person will acquire a facility in the use of language, without having ever once heard of the name of grammar, or knowing how the different parts of speech are called. To give them this facility ought to be the great study of the teachers of youth, and not to make their pupils a set of conceited *chatterers*, by teaching them to use a great number of hard words, the meaning of which no child can pofsibly understand; this they must do if they attempt to explain to children the scientific principles of grammar.

The principles of grammar, which are naturally intricate of themselves, have been much obscured in latter times, by the application of partial rules to one language, that have been adapted merely to another,

and thus mistaking particular aberrations for general principles. English grammar, in particular, by being thus decked out in a Roman dress, makes a most ridiculous and absurd appearance: Excellencies have been pointed out as defects; and more puerilities have been gravely uttered by learned men on this subject, than perhaps on any other that can be named. The man who should dissipate those clouds which obscure this subject, would perform an important service to society; but where shall such a man be found? Few have the talents requisite for this task; few have resolution to expose themselves to the obloquy that must be incurred, by opposing, singly, the current of erroneous opinions that have been generally adopted; and fewer still have time and inclination to apply these talents to this use. There is something, however, so beautiful in that simplicity, which is discoverable in nature, when it is perceived that all languages are, and necessarily must be radically the same; and it affords such a pleasing exercise to a scientific mind to be able distinctly to specify these radical principles of language, and to mark the lesser deflections, omissions, and variations of particular languages, which constituted their distinctive peculiarities, that we cannot help wondering that it should have been so long neglected; for as to the few attempts that have been made at this, under the name of grammar, in modern times, these have been all written under the over-ruling impressions of a prejudiced education, and by no means answer the intention in any degree, serving only to perplex the subject instead of elucidating it. As an introduction

to this kind of study, I ſhall give a small specimen of exercises in grammatical disquisitions, first in *practical* grammar, as being the easiest, as well as the most generally useful exercise of the two, and next in *philosophical* grammar, as being better adapted to scientific minds.

Exercises in regard to practical grammar.

By practical grammar, I mean to denote, in contradistinction to philosophical grammar, the art of attaining, by habit and attention, a facility of using any language correctly, either in speaking or in writing it. In this branch of study, one of the most eſsential requisites is, to obtain a knowledge of the precise meaning of every word that occurs in that language, according to the eſtabliſhed practice of the most correct writers. To obtain this knowledge, a learner is obliged frequently to have recourse to dictionaries; so that it is an object of great importance to have an accurate dictionary of the language. The first object of inquiry, therefore, ought to be, whether such a dictionary is to be found; and if it be not, how that defect may be best supplied.

Every person who has bestowed a particular attention to the Engliſh language, knows very well, that no such dictionary of that language exists; for the want of which the learner is obliged to grope his way in the dark in the best manner he can, and by consequence he will be in danger of going wrong very often.

Without stopping to criticise the writings of those lexicographers who have attempted to give dictionaries of the Engliſh language, it will answer a better purpose to point out some of the probable means of

improving those which ſhall be written in future. Every attempt of this sort must be perfected by degrees. Those who come first, pave the way for others; the very errors of former writers serve to direct those who come after them; so that it may often happen, that the earliest writers of dictionaries, may have a much better claim to merit than their succeſsors, though the writings of these last be much more perfect than the others. Peculiarities which contribute in a high degree to give elegance and beauty to a language, when that language is perfectly known by the person who employs it, frequently are the causes of obscurity and inelegance in the hands of persons who know not how to avail themselves of the treasures that language contains. This is remarkably the case, in respect to all those words which are nearly synonymous. There is not perhaps to be found in any language, two words that are exactly synonymous, so that a person who is critically accurate in the use of words, will scarcely find an occasion in which one word can be substituted for another, without either marring the sense, diminiſhing the energy, or hurting the elegance of the phrase; but, to a careleſs and inaccurate writer, five or six words will often be accounted entirely synonymous. It may indeed happen, that when an object is considered in one point of view only, two words may be indifferently used, because the circumstance that constitutes the discriminating idea between these two words is not intended to be noticed. But on another occasion, the one word would be infinitely more proper than the other; and how is a

learner to obtain a knowledge of these nice ſhades of difference unleſs they be accurately explained in a dictionary? But as no dictionary of the Engliſh language has yet been composed, in which even an attempt has been made to do this, it cannot surely be too soon begun. In consequence of a few popular writings on *synonymes*, in foreign languages, the attention of some men of letters has been turned towards this subject in regard to Engliſh, though these have been confined only to particular diſsertations. A degree of accuracy, nearly equal to what is here wanted, is also required for explaining a great proportion of the other words in any language. Most words have only one clear, precise, and direct meaning, in which sense these words had been originally employed; but afterwards, when it had been discovered that other words were wanted to denote ideas corresponding with the original meaning, only in certain circumstances, these words have been forced to bend a little, as it might be said, to the neceſsity of the times, and to be applied in this sense also. Hence it is that we find so many words which have a direct, as well as a collateral and figurative meaning, and they come in some cases to be so generally used, only in the figurative sense, as in some measure to make us lose sight of their direct meaning. A perfect dictionary, therefore, ſhould, in the first place, define the word with the moſt accurate precision, so as to ſhow its meaning, distinct from that of every other word, and then trace its gradual deflections into a figurative signification. Wit also, that fantastic creature of an active mind, knows how to

distort words so, as by a delicate allusion to circumstances, unperceived by the more phlegmatic portion of mankind, to suggest ideas infinitely ludicrous and pleasing. A dictionary which could denote even but a small dash of these delicate meanings of words, would be a treasure in any language.

But how, it may be asked, can all this be done? The question is natural and pertinent. In cases of this sort, it is often easier to say what cannot be done than what can. On this principle we can easily say, these delicate meanings of words, cannot be exhibited by means of quotations only, produced as authorities for the use of the word. It may appear perhaps a little paradoxical, though not less true, to assert, that mere quotations, produced as authorities in a dictionary, will prove more frequently a source of error than of real information. The best composer that ever was will sometimes write incorrectly; and if every thing that he has said is to be considered as sterling authority, wherever such faults occur, these faults, by this mode, would be disseminated, and error propagated instead of truth. Poets, in particular, may be considered as the greatest corrupters of all languages. They often overstretch the meaning of a word to serve a particular purpose; the harmony of sounds, frequently induces them to make the sense become subordinate; so that the lexicographer, who should rest satisfied with giving the meaning of every word, as it has been used, even by poets who are deemed classical, would make a hodge podge of a language that could never be good for any thing.

But if poetry of any sort is but doubtful authority dramatic poetry is, in a particular manner, liable to objection. The dramatic writer must suit his language to his characters. He must, therefore, occasionally make use of overstrained, affected, bombastical expreſsions; vulgar phrases, false idioms of speech, and grammatical blunders must be adopted, before the characters can be naturally delineated. Hence it is, that though few men have a greater veneration for Shakespeare than myself, yet I can conceive few things so absurd as a quotation from Shakespeare, taken indiscriminately, to ascertain the meaning of a word. From these, and other considerations, I ſhould hold it as a maxim, that a lexicographer ought not to rest upon the authority of particular paſsages, taken from any author, as a sufficient, or indeed as a proper proof of the meaning of any word. Where he finds a difficulty in explaining the meaning of a word, he may indeed produce a phrase in which that meaning is truly adopted, not as a proof, but as an illustration only; and it does not matter whether that illustration be a phrase that has been actually employed by a good writer, or if it be composed by himself for the purpose, which, as being the easiest, ought, perhaps, to be recommended as the best mode of obtaining them.

A man, to be properly qualified for writing a dictionary, ſhould, therefore, be poſseſsed of such an extensive knowledge of the language in which he writes, as to be able to recollect, from a wide and general course of reading, the precise meaning of every word as it occurs, which he has stored up in

his own mind, by a general comparison of the sense, in which that word has been most generally employed by the best writers in the language; rejecting the casual deviations from it that occur even in the best authors. But where again, you aſk, is such a man to be found? I know not; I do not expect ever to meet with such a one. I do not, therefore, expect to find a dictionary even approaching to perfection, that ſhall be written by any one man.

There are men, however, to be found, who poſseſs uncommon talents for disquisitions of this nature; and where such a man can be found, much may be done. The quickest way of reaching perfection would be to set such a man, or several such men, if they can be found, to work, as it were in concert. Let each write out the task aſsigned him in the most perfect way he is able. Let these several articles be read over with great deliberation, in a general meeting of a society of men, well versed in studies of this nature. Let such hints as occurred, for perfecting every article, be suggested to the whole, and investigated by them. Let a second meeting of the same be called, and the same be read over with the improvements adopted. Let these, when approved, be put to the preſs. Let them be published to the world of philologists, as a grammatical sketch. A leaf or two of this might be publiſhed weekly, to be circulated among the learned, for their information and correction, accompanied with a general requisition, that every person, to whom any corrections, omiſsions, or improvements, occurred, would be so good as communicate these hints to the undertakers,

during the progreſs of the work, who ſhould take care, after they had been duly considered and approved, to insert them under the proper heads, for a second and more correct edition of the work.

One stumbling block that lies in the way to mislead, or at least to add unnecefsary bulk to a work of this kind is *etymologies*. These have been the source of much perplexity and error. But it is a hobby that learned men are so well pleased to mount, that it would perhaps be cruel to deprive them of the favourite recreation. It can do little other harm than adding to the *bulk* of a work, as men of sense have now little reliance upon it. They know, that without being certain of the language from which a word has been derived, the conclusions to be deduced from etymology are infinitely ludicrous; and who is it that knows all the languages from which words may have been derived? Some men know a few of the ancient languages of Europe; but is there any man that can say, with certainty, these languages were not composed of others that are now lost, without a knowledge of which, the radical etymology of many words may have been lost? Without this knowledge, etymologists might be compared to the *learned* apothecary, who explained the phrase *hernia humeralis*, (a cant phrase for the p—x.) by gravely saying it was a very good name, for certainly it is an eruption of the *humours*.

Among other particulars that ſhould be adverted to in such a dictionary, ſhould be obsolete words, and provincialisms. Words that are now obsolete are often very good, and might with propriety be adopted,

at any rate their meaning ought to be preserved; but care ſhould be taken to mark these words so as to be known, and I know no way in which the accurate knowledge of provincial words could be acquired but that which is here recommended.

Among the other advantages that would result from this mode of composing a dictionary, it would happen, that words which affected and conceited writers had invented through vanity, and a desire of distinguiſhing themselves, would be allowed to fall quickly into total oblivion, instead of being perpetuated, as they would be if the mere authority of the writer ſhould be deemed a sufficient proof of their currency. There are, in every nation, to be found writers, who have acquired a temporary vogue by affectation and blameable singularities of language; and as the selecting of authorities is a mere mechanical labour, that must be intrusted to inferior aſsistants, these meaner geniuses could not fail to admire the popular writer of the day, and therefore would select with care all *the flowers of his oratory*, and store them up in their dictionary. Judicious men, who had made this branch of science a study, would know, that such words and phrases had not the authority of a general currency, and therefore they would be rejected.

It is needleſs for me to add, that I do not ever expect to see such a plan seriously adopted by a man, or men, who are qualified to carry it into full effect; but I may recommend it as a useful exercise to such of my readers as have a turn for things of this nature, to give an accurate explanation of any single

word or more, just as they occur to them, and to send it here, if they incline, where it ſhall be printed with all due attention, and communicated to the public. This will be productive of two advantages,—first, it will make a small addition to our general fund of real knowledge; and secondly, it will accustom readers to a greater degree of accuracy of observation than they have been used to employ.

In some following number a few words ſhall be given as a specimen.

ACCOUNT OF ANTIQUITIES IN SCOTLAND.

Continued from p. 141.

v. Circular buildings, consisting of walls composed of stones firmly bedded on one another, without any cementing matter, usually called *duns*.

Of these I have seen many, more or leſs entire, some of which have been able to withstand the ravages of time for many centuries, even in the most exposed situations, where they have also been liable to dilapidations of various sorts. None that I have seen are probably half their original height; but I have heard of others much more entire, some of which to this day are not leſs than forty-five feet in height. It appears that all these structures, when entire, have resembled in some measure one of our modern glaſs houses; being of a circular form, wider at the base than the top, though there is no reason to believe that they ever tapered so much as the glaſs houses do, or were so narrow at top, which, like the other, was always open.

This account of the upper part of these buildings I give merely from hear-say, as the walls of the most entire one that I have seen, did not, as I imagine, exceed twenty feet in height, and was at the top very little narrower than at the base. This was at a place called *Dun-Agglesag* in Rofsſhire, about ten miles west from Tain, on the south bank of the frith of Dornoch, which was in summer 1775, in the following condition :

The walls appeared to be perfectly circular. The internal diameter, (as nearly as I can recollect, having lost my notes of this tour,) was about fifty feet. The walls were about twelve feet in thicknefs, and the entry into it was at one place, by a door, about four feet wide. The height I could not exactly measure, as the pafsage, as well as the inside of the building, was choaked up in some measure with rubbiſh, so that we could not see the floor. The quoins of the door consisted of large stones, carefully chosen, so as exactly to fit the place where they were to be put ; but neither here, nor in any other part of the building, could I discover the smallest mark of a hammer or any other tool. The aperture for the door was covered at top with a very large stone, in the form of an equilateral triangle, each side being about six feet in length, which was exactly placed over the middle of the opening. This stone was about four feet in thicknefs. It is impofsible not to be surprised to think in what manner a rude people, seemingly ignorant of the powers of mechanism, could have been able to raise a stone of these dimensions to such a height, and to place it above loose stones, so

as to bind and connect them firmly together, instead of bringing down the wall, as would have inevitably happened without much care or ſkill in the workmen. Nor could I help admiring the judgement displayed in making choice of a stone of this form for the purpose here intended; as this is perhaps at the same time more beautiful to look on, and poſseſses more strength, for the same bulk and weight, than any other form that could have been made choice of.

The outside of the wall was quite smooth and compact, without any appearance of windows, or any other apertures of any kind. The inside too was pretty uniform, only here and there we could perceive square holes in the wall, of no great depth, somewhat like pigeon-holes, at irregular heights.

I have been informed that there is in many of these buildings a circular paſsage, about four feet wide, formed in the centre of the wall, that goes quite round the whole, on a level with the floor. I looked for it, but found no such thing in this place. At one place, however, we discovered a door entering from within, and leading to a kind of stair-case that was carried up in the centre of the wall, and formed a communication between the top and bottom of the building, ascending upwards round it in a spiral form.

The steps of this stair, like all the other stones here employed, discovered no marks of a tool, but seemed to have been chosen with great care of a proper form for this purpose. At a convenient height over head, the stair-case was roofed with long flat stones, going quite acroſs the opening, and this roof

was carried up in a direction parallel with the stair itself, so as to be in all places of an equal height. It was likewise observable, that the stair was formed into flights of steps; at the top of each of which there was a landing-place, with an horizontal floor, about six feet in length; at the end of which another flight of steps began. One of these flights of steps was quite complete, with a landing-place at each end of it, and two others were found in an imperfect state; the lowermost being in part filled up with rubbish, and the highest reached the top of the wall that is now remaining before it ended. Whether these flights were regularly continued to the top, and whether they contained an equal number of steps or not, it was impossible for me to discover; but these remains show that the structure has been erected by a people not altogether uncivilized.

About twenty years ago, a gentleman in that neighbourhood, who is laird of the spot of ground on which this beautiful remnant of ancient grandeur is placed, pulled down eight or ten feet from the top of these walls, for the sake of the stones, to build an habitation for its incurious owner. It may perhaps be a doubt with some, whether the builders or the demolishers of these walls most justly deserve the name of a savage and uncivilized people? The figure annexed represents the appearance it made at the time I saw it, very nearly.

By whatever people this has been erected, it must have been a work of great labour, as the collecting the materials alone, where no carriages could pass, must have been extremely difficult to accomplish. It

must, therefore, have been in all probability a public national work, allotted for some very important purpose. But what use these buildings were appropriated to is difficult now to say with certainty.

There was a building called *Arthur's Oven* which stood upon the banks of the Carron, near Stirling, that was demolished not long ago. A drawing of it is preserved in Sibbald's "Scotia illustrata;" from which it appears, that in its general form, and several other particulars, it much resembled the buildings of this clafs; and if it should be admitted as one of them, it would be an exception to the foregoing rule, and tend to invalidate the reasoning I have employed. But although in some particulars it did resemble these buildings, in other respects it was extremely different. Its size is the first observable particular in which it differed from them, as there is hardly one of them which has not been *a great deal* larger than it was. These buildings are always composed of rough stones, without any mark of a tool. It consisted entirely of hewn stones, squared and shaped by tools, so as exactly to fit the place where they were to be inserted. The walls of Arthur's Oven were thin, without any appearance of a stair within them. In short, it bore evident marks of Roman art and architecture, and resembled Virgil's tomb near Naples, more than it did the structures we now treat of; on which account it has always been, with seeming justice, supposed a small temple, erected by the Romans when they occupied that station, and very different from the ruder, but more magnificent structures of these northern nations.

This *structure* at *Dun-Agglesag* has no additional buildings of any kind adjoining to it, although I had occasion to observe, from many others, that it has been no uncommon thing to have several low buildings of the same kind, joining to the base of the larger one, and communicating with it from within, like cells. The most entire of this kind that I have seen is at Dun-robin, the seat of the countefs of Sutherland. The late earl was at great pains to clear away the rubbifh from this building, and secure it as much as pofsible from being farther demolifhed. Unfortunately it is composed of much worse materials than that I have described.

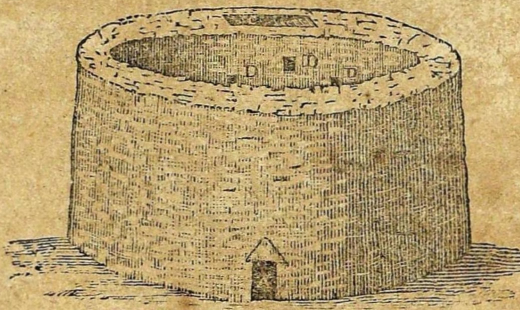
The only particular relating to the situation of this kind of buildings that occurred to me as observable, was, that they were all situated very near where water could be obtained in abundance. The side of a lake or river is therefore a common position; and where another situation is chosen, it is always observable, that water, in considerable quantities, from a rivulet, or otherwise, can be obtained near. It seems, however, to have been a matter of indifference, whether that water was salt or frefh, stagnant or running; from whence it would seem probable, that water, in considerable quantities, must have been necefsary for some of the purposes for which they originally were intended.

In Caithnefs, as I have already hinted, the ruins of this kind of buildings are exceedingly numerous; but many of them are now such a perfect heap of rubbifh, that they have much the same appearance with the *cairns* already mentioned, and might readily be confounded with them by a superficial observer.

The names in this case will be of some use to prevent mistakes, as every building of this kind seems to have been distinguished by the syllable *dun* prefixed to the word; so that whenever this is found to be the case, there is reason to suspect at least that it is not a cairn.

Dr Johnson, in his late tour to the Hebrides, was carried to see one of these buildings in the isle of Sky, which he seems to have surveyed rather in an hasty manner. He conjectures, that these structures have been erected by the inhabitants, as places of security for their cattle, in case of a sudden inroad from their neighbours. A thousand circumstances, had he bestowed much attention upon the subject, might have pointed out to him the improbability of this conjecture. We shall soon see that the inhabitants knew much better in what manner to secure themselves or cattle from danger than they would have been here.

I have annexed an elevation of the building *Dun-Agglesag*, by the help of which you will be able to form an idea of other buildings of this kind.



ELEVATION *of the* BUILDING *at* DUN-AGGLESAG *in* ROSSHIRE.

A represents the entry, C the stair-case seen from above, D, holes like pigeon-holes in the wall. This, and the foregoing ſketches, are drawn from memory; and the elevation is too high in proportion to its other dimensions.

ON PHILOSOPHICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Continued from p. 163.

In continuation of our account of the tropical winds, we ſhall briefly enumerate the principal inflections of the monsoons, and the other tropical winds of leſs extensive influence, that have been taken notice of, within or near the tropics, with the causes of these inflections.

Particular inflections of the monsoons.

In all that part of the Indian ocean, that lies between the island of Madagascar and Cape Commorin, the wind blows constantly from W. S. W. between the months of April and October; and in the opposite direction from the month of October till April, although with some variation in different places; these winds being neither so strong nor so constant in the bay of Bengal, as in the Indian ocean. It is likewise remarkable, that the S. W. winds, in those seas, are more southerly on the African side, and more westerly on the Indian, as appears distinctly in the map; but these variations are not repugnant to the general theory. It is sufficiently known, that in every part of the globe, high lands are much colder than low and flat countries; and as that part of Africa which lies within the tropics is very high

and mountainous, the cold in these regions is much greater than in the more flat countries of Arabia and India; so that the wind naturally blows from these cold regions, in the *summer* season, towards the warmer continent of Asia; which occasions those inflections of the wind to the eastward, that take place in these seas during the summer months. This effect is still farther promoted by the peninsula of India, the kingdom of Siam, and the islands of Sumatra and Java, on the eastern part of this ocean, lying so much farther to the south than the kingdoms of Arabia and Persia, which naturally draw the wind towards them, and produce the easterly variation of the monsoon which takes place in this part of the ocean, while the sandy deserts of Arabia draw the winds more directly northward, near the African coast.

In the eastern parts of the Indian ocean, beyond the island of Sumatra, along the southern parts of China, and among the Philippine islands, *&c.* to the north of the equator, the monsoons observe a different direction, blowing nearly due south and north. Here the greatest part of the warm continent lies to the west of this district, which makes the wind naturally afsume this direction. A little farther to the eastward, among the Marianne islands, *the general trade-wind* takes place, there being no continent to the north of them to occasion monsoons.

The monsoons are as regular in the eastern part of the Indian ocean for a small space, to the *south* of the equator, as they are to the north of it; here a northern monsoon sets in from the month of October till April, and a southern from April till October; and

here, as well as to the north of the line, we find the direction of the monsoons varying in different places, according to particular circumstances. About the island of Sumatra, and towards the west of Java, the monsoons set in nearly from the north and south; but towards Celebes and Timur, they begin to tend a little more to the east and west, gradually declining as they approach the coast of New Guinea, near to which the northerly monsoon, from October till April, blows from N. W. and the opposite monsoon from S. E. between October and April. The reader will easily perceive that these monsoons are occasioned by the continent of New Holland; which being heated by the sun when in the southern signs, draws the wind towards it in the summer season, in the same manner as the continent of Asia produces the monsoons to the north of the line. The easterly deflection of this monsoon is plainly occasioned by the near approach of the large island of New Guinea, to the northern point of New Holland.

In the Red Sea the monsoon shifts as regularly as in other places; but being influenced by the coasts, it tends a little more to the north and south than in the Indian ocean.

Irregularities in the monsoons on the eastern coast of Africa.

On the coast of Africa, to the south of Cape Corientes, and about the southern parts of the island of Madagascar, the regular trade-wind from the S. E. takes place between October and April; but from April till October, the wind blows from W. or N. W. and is at that season exceedingly cold.

This is evidently occasioned by a cause already taken notice of; for notwithstanding the high and cold nature of this part of the continent of Africa, yet when the sun is to the south of the line, his powerful influence at that season so far abates their natural degree of cold, as not to interrupt the general trade-wind between the months of October and April. But when he returns to the northern hemisphere, the high mountains of Africa resume their native coldneſs, and a strong current of air, ruſhing from them to warmer regions, repels the general trade-winds by its cold and more powerful blast, so as to produce the intemperate monsoon which here takes place between the months of April and October.

From Mozambique to Cape Guardafui, the monsoons are a little more irregular than in the other parts of the Indian ocean. It is observed that here, between October and January, the winds, though chiefly from the north, are variable. In January the N. E. monsoon sets in, and continues regular till the month of May. From May till October the winds, though chiefly from the southern points, again become variable, but in the months of June, July, and August, there are frequent calms, especially about the bay of Melinda, which sometimes continue for several weeks together, and extend only about one hundred leagues from the ſhore.

Before we can explain clearly the cause of this irregularity, it will be neceſsary to attend to the direction of the wind, on each side of this track, at each particular season. In the months of October, November, and December, the winds are here variable,

but chiefly from the north. Now during these three months, to the south of this, beyond Cape Corientes, the wind blows from the S. W.; at the Red Sea, and all to the north of this track, the wind, during this season of the year, is from the N. E.; and as the sun is then perpendicular to the bay of Melinda, these opposite winds, here meeting and opposing one another, and being both of them stopped in their course westward, by the cold regions of Africa, will naturally produce the variable winds here observed, according as the one or the other of these three balancing powers happens to predominate: Although, as the coast here runs away towards the S. W. it is natural to expect that the northerly wind which follows the same direction, ſhould more frequently prevail than those that are opposed to it, especially when we consider that the island of Madagascar, now beginning to be warmed by the influence of the sun, will concur in drawing the wind to the southward; and when the continent of Africa is more heated in the months of January and February, it does not oppose the easterly monsoon, so that the winds become then more fixed than before. But in the months of June, July, and August, the wind to the south of Cape Corientes is from the N. W.; and near the Red Sea, and throughout the northern part of the Indian ocean, the S. W. monsoon is then in its greatest vigour; so that on each end of this district the wind is blowing in an opposite direction; from which result these calms about Melinda, which we have just mentioned.

To be continued.

SIR,

HAVING accidentally met with the following lines, that I believe never were published, I send them to you, hoping you will find them not unworthy of a place in your Bee. By inserting them soon, you will oblige AN ADMIRER OF NATURE *.

LINES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL BELOW A PRINT

REPRESENTING A SLEEPING CHILD WITH ANGELS.

" *Sweet is the sleep of innocence:*
" *No guilt disturbs, no cares annoy,*
" *But all is soft tranquillity*
" *And calm repose!*——

SUCH are the thoughts that shoot athwart the minds
Of guardian angels, as they hover o'er
Their infant charge, when in the peaceful robe
Of holy innocence they rest secure:
Altho', 'tis said, the sympathetic tear
Of melting pity, sometimes steals adown
Their heav'nly cheeks, when they the many ills
That but too sure await man's riper years
Anticipate.——

" Sleep on, sweet babe! they say,---and may the time
" When conscious guilt shall banish rest, ne'er come:
" Nor when, bereft of those in whom thy soul
" Delighted, thou shalt still, thro' troubled sleep,
" In vain pursue the object of thy love,
" Which now, alas! is gone,---to thee is gone,
" And never, never, never can return."

TO THE SNOW DROP.

THOU! who to heav'n lifting thy golden brow,
Ey'st unabash'd the glorious orb of day,
I praise thee not;---I hate th' unblushing front.
But ever let me tell thy humbler worth,

*The Editor has seen these lines before. As the copy sent was imperfect, the errors have been corrected from an authenticated copy of the poems.

Ye simple snow drops! firstlings of the year!
Fairest of flow'rs! sweet harbinger of spring!
How meekly do ye hang your silv'ry heads!
Like maidens,---coyly stealing from the view.
Ev'n so, upon the ground, her modest eye
That fears to meet th' irrev'rent gaze of man,
Beauty! unconscious bends; and so, more pure
Than are your snow-white forms, Sophia strives
To hide those charms, how matchless! from the world.

P. H.

AN IRREGULAR ODE, BY MATTHEW BRAMBLE.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Queer Peter * since that thou art still
In this vile world, not gone to heaven,
Come brandish freely thy goose quill,
Since wit to thee in store has given
So many merry jests and harmless jokes.
Poor Matthew † now is laid
Within his little box,
Beneath the yew-tree's shade,
As dead as any fox
As e'er on G-------'s grounds
Was kill'd by F----'s hounds.

Long rest and peace unto his gentle shade!
For he wrote many an entertaining ode;
And oft the matron grave, and coy maid,
Would read them o'er and call them strange and *odd*.
Ev'n bachelors, and the spruce Temple beau,
His odes to actors often did admire;
His wit and humour made each bosom glow,
So manfully he strung the comic lyre,
That surly critics gnaw'd their rotten grinders,
And swore they were as droll as queer queer Pindar's.

Dear Matthew I am bold to take thy name,
But if it's in my pow'r I will well use it,
Tho' here I must confess, altho' with shame,
I fear I really sometimes will abuse it;
But Mat, I trust thy friends will now excuse it.

* Queer Peter, Peter Pindar.

† Poor Matthew, the late ingenious Mr Andrew M'Donald, author of Vimonda, the Independent, &c. who wrote many an entertaining ode under the signature of Matthew Bramble, in the London prints and Edinburgh Magazine.

To whom ſhall I addreſs this?---my first scroll!
Why, says the muse, if you'll be rul'd by me,
Addreſs it to that honest hum-drum soul,
The Editor of our new weekly BEE.

I will! I will!---do, pray, kind sir, accept it.
But ſhould you throw it by, and then neglect it,
You'll put me in a mighty raging paſsion.
What then?---Why, sir, you know it is the faſhion
Still to this day, as 'twas in former times,
To d---mn the man who wont insert our rhymes.
This, sir, is done by many a scribbling elf;
You he cannot d--mn, but well may d--mn himself.

Kind Mr Editor 'tis my intention
To write some *other* things as well as odes,
In humble hopes that my poor, weak invention
Will be made strong by muses' aid, and g-ds;
I mean the gods, so do not call me bold,
That poets made their own in days of old.

Now, sir, with glee I'll say a few words more,
And tho' I am unfit thee to advise,
I'll tell you, sir, what you must know before,
One word is all-sufficient to the wise.
And what is this one word to be,
You certainly will aſk the soaring poet;
Why then, sir, since you're curious for to know it,
It is to print this in your weekly BEE.

THE COMPLAINT, BY A LADY.

ALAS! how hard is woman's lot!
To prize, to love, yet be forgot!
Our hearts for one with fondneſs glow,
Whose charms we feel, whose worth we know;
Who fills alone, by day, our breast,
And robs, by night, our eyes of rest:
While he, perhaps, whom thus we prize,
Seeks distant lands, and diff'rent ſkies;
Around the world can lightly rove,
'Scape thought and all the cares of love;
Seek pleasure in her varied form,
And thus diſsolve the tyrant's charm.
But we, by iron custom's doom,
Must live, and think, and sigh at home;
Forbid to wander as we please,
Mix with the gay, consult our ease;
Deny'd th' amusements of the day,
To chace our irksome thoughts away,
We o'er our cares are left to brood,
In silence and in solitude.

PETER, A GERMAN TALE.

"My dearest children, be always good, and you'll be always happy. Sixty long years have your mother and I enjoyed a happy tranquillity. God grant that none of you may ever purchase it so dearly!" Such were the words of Peter, a husbandman in a village of Bareith in Franconia, addressing himself to his grand-children one clear evening of autumn.

With these words a tear stood in the old man's eye. Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, about ten years old, ran and threw herself in his arms. "My dear grand-papa!" said she, "you know how well pleased we all are, when of an evening you tell us some pretty story; how much more delighted should we all be if you would tell us your own! It is not late—the evening is mild—and none of us are much inclined to sleep." The whole family of Peter seconded the request, and formed themselves in a semi-circle before him. Louisa sat at his feet, and recommended silence. Every mother took on her knee the child whose cries might distract attention: Every one was already listening; and the good old man, stroaking Louisa's head with one hand, and the other locked in the hands of Theresa, thus began his history:

"It is a long time ago, my children, since I was eighteen years of age, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, the richest farmer in the country, I was the poorest cottager in the village; but never attended to my wants, until I fell in love with Theresa. I did all I could to smother a passion which I knew must one day or other have made a wretch of me. I was very certain that the little pittance fortune had given me, would

be an eternal bar in the way to my love; and that I must either renounce her for ever, or think of some means of becoming richer. But, to grow richer, I must have left the village where my Theresa lived; that effort was above me; and I offered myself as a servant to Theresa's father.

" I was received. You may guefs with what courage I worked. I soon acquired Aimar's friendfhip and Theresa's love. All of you, my children, who know what it is to marry from love, know too the heart-felt pleasure of reciprocity in every interview, every look, every action. Theresa loved me as much as fhe herself was loved. I thought of nothing but Theresa; I worked for her; I lived for her; and I fondly imagined that happinefs was then eternally mine.

" I was soon undeceived. A neighbouring cottager afked Theresa in marriage from her father. Aimar went and examined how many acres of ground his intended son-in-law could bring his daughter, and found that he was the very hufband that suited her. The day was fixed for the fatal union.

" In vain we wept; our tears were of no service to us. The inflexible Aimar gave Theresa to understand that her grief was highly displeasing to him; so that restraint added to our mutual wretchednefs.

" The terrible day was near. We were without one glimmering of hope. Theresa was about to become the wife of a man fhe detested. She was certain that death must be the inevitable consequence. I was sure I could not survive her; we made up our minds to the only way that was left,—we both ran off, and—heaven punifhed us.

" In the middle of the night we left the village. I placed Theresa on a little horse that one of her uncles had made her a present of: It was my decision that there was no harm in taking it away, since it did not belong to

her father. A small wallet contained her clothes and mine, with a trifle of money that Theresa had saved. For my part, I would take nothing with me; so true it is that many of the virtues of youth are the offspring of fancy; I was robbing a father of his daughter, and I scrupled at the same time to carry off the value of a pin from his house.

" We travelled all night; at day-break we found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia, and pretty nearly out of the reach of any who might be in pursuit of us. The place we first stopped in was a valley, beside one of those rivulets that lovers are so fond of meeting with. Theresa alighted, sat down beside me on the grafs, and we both made a frugal but delicious meal. When done, we turned our thoughts to the next step we were to take.

" After a long conversation, and reckoning twenty times over our money, and estimating the little horse at its highest value, we found that the whole of our fortune did not amount to twenty ducats. Twenty ducats are soon gone! We resolved, however, to make the best of our way to some great town, that we might be lefs exposed, in case they were in search of us, and there get married as soon as pofsible. After these very wise reflections we took the road that leads to Egra.

" The church received us on our arrival; and we were married. The priest had the half of our little treasure for his kindnefs; but never was money given with so much good-will. We thought our troubles were now all at an end, and that we had nothing more to fear; and indeed we bought eight days' worth of happinefs.

" This space being elapsed, we sold our little horse; and at the end of the first month we had absolutely nothing. What must we have done? What must have become of us? I knew no art but that of the hufbandman;

and the inhabitants of great cities look down with contempt on the art that feeds them. Theresa was as unable as myself to follow any other businefs. She was miserable; fhe trembled to look forward; we mutually concealed from each other our sufferings—a torture a thousand times more horrid than the sufferings themselves. At length, having no other resource, I enlisted into a regiment of horse, garrisoned at Egra. My bounty-money I gave to Theresa, who received it with a flood of tears.

"My pay kept us from starving; and the little works of Theresa, for indigence stimulated her invention, helped to keep a cover over our heads. About this time, a child coming to the world, linked our affections closer.

"It was you, my dear Gertrude; Theresa and myself looked upon you as the pledge of our constant love, and the hope of our old age. Every child that heaven has given us we have said the same thing, and we have never been mistaken. You were sent to nurse, for my wife could not suckle you, and fhe was inconsolable on the occasion. She pafsed the live-long day working at your cradle; while I, by my attention to my duty, was endeavouring to gain the esteem and friendfhip of my officers.

"Frederick, our captain, was only twenty years of age. He was distinguifhable among the whole corps by his affability and his figure. He took a liking to me. I told him my adventures. He saw Theresa,—and was interested in our fate. He daily promised he would speak to Aimar for us; and as my absolute dependence was on him, I had his word that I fhould have my liberty as soon as he had made my father-in-law my friend. Frederick had already written to our village, but had got no answer.

"Time was running over our heads. My young captain seemed as eager as ever; but Theresa grew every day more and more dejected. When I inquired into the

reason, ſhe spoke of her father, and turned the conversation off. Little did I imagine that Frederick was the cause of her grief.

"This young man, with all the heat incident to youth, observed Theresa's lovelineſs as well myſelf. His virtue was weaker than his paſsion. He knew our misfortunes; he knew how much we depended on him; and was bold enough to give Theresa to understand what reward he expected for his patronage. My wife witneſsed her indignation; but knowing my character to be both violent and jealous, ſhe with-held the fatal secret from me; while I, too credulous, was daily laviſh in the praises of my captain's generosity and friendſhip.

"One day coming off guard, and returning home to my wife, who ſhould appear before my astoniſhed eyes, but Aimar! "At last I have found thee," exclaimed he, "infamous raviſher! Restore my daughter to me! Give me back that comfort thou hast robbed me of, thou treacherous friend!" I fell at his knees: I endured the first storm of his wrath. My tears began to soften him; he consented to listen to me. I did not undertake my own justification. "The deed is done;" said I, "Theresa is mine;—ſhe is my wife!—My life is in your hands, puniſh me;—forgive your child,—your only daughter. Do not diſhonour her huſband,—do not let her fall a victim to grief;—forget me that you may more effectually remember her." With that, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the house where you were at nurse, my girl. "Come," added I, "come and view one more, you must extend your pity to."

"You were in your cradle, Gertrude; you were fast asleep; your countenance, a lovely mixture of alabaster and vermilion, was the picture of innocence and health. Aimar gazed upon you. The big tear stood in his eye.

I took you up in my arms; I presented you to him. "This too is your child," said I to him. You then awoke, and, as if inspired by heaven, instead of complaining, you smiled full upon him; and extending your little arms towards the old man, you got hold of his white locks, which you twined among your fingers, and drew his venerable face towards you. Aimar smothered you with kiſses; and caught me to his breast. "Come," said he, "my son, ſhew me my daughter," extending one hand to me, and holding you on his arm with the other. You may judge with what joy I brought him to our house.

"On the road, I was afraid least the sudden sight of her father might be too much for her; meaning to prevent any ill consequences, I left Aimar with you on his arm; I ran home, opened the door, and saw Theresa struggling with Frederick, exerting all her power to save herself from his base embraces. As soon as my eyes saw him, my sword was in his body. He fell; the blood guſhed; he pierced the air with a cry of anguiſh; the house was full in a minute. The guards came; my sword was still reeking; they seized me, and the unfortunate Aimar just arrived to see his son-in-law loaded with irons.

"I embraced him; I recommended to him my wife, and my helpleſs babe, whom I likewise embraced, and then followed my comrades, who saw me lodged deep in a dungeon.

"I remained there, in the most cruel state, two days and three nights. I knew nothing of what was going forward; I was ignorant of Theresa's fate. I saw nobody but an unrelenting jailor, who answered to all my questions, that I need not trouble myself about any thing; for that in a very few hours, he was sure sentence of death would be pronounced on me.

"The third day the prison gates were flung open. I was desired to walk out; a detachment were waiting for me; I was encircled by them, and led to the barracks green. From afar I perceived the regiment drawn up, and the horrid machine that was to put an end to a wretched life. The idea that my misery was now completed, restored the force I had lost. A convulsive motion gave precipitancy to my steps; my tongue of itself muttered Theresa's name; while I walked on my eyes were wildly in search of her; I bled with anguiſh, that I could not see her; at last I arrived.

"My sentence was read; I was given into the hands of the executioner; and was preparing for the mortal blow, when sudden and loud ſhrieks kept back his falling arm. I once more stared round, and saw a figure, half naked, pale, and bloody, endeavouring to make way through the guards that surrounded me;——it was Frederick. "Friends!" exclaimed he, "I am the guilty man; I deserve death; pardon the innocent. I wiſhed to seduce his wife; he puniſhed me; he did what was just; you must be savages if you attempt his life." The colonel of the regiment flew to Frederick in order to calm him. He pointed out the law that doomed to death whoever raised his hand against his officer. "I was not his officer," cried Frederick, "for I had given him his liberty the evening before under my hand. He is no more in your power." The astoniſhed officers aſsembled together. Frederick and humanity were my advocates; I was brought back to prison; Frederick wrote to the minister,—accused himself,—aſked my pardon,—and obtained it.

"Aimar, Theresa, and myself, went and threw ourselves at the feet of our deliverer. He confirmed the presents he had made me of my liberty, which he wiſhed to heighten by others that we would not receive. We returned to

this village, where the death of Aimar has made me master of all he poſseſsed, and where Theresa and I ſhall finiſh our days in the midst of peace, happineſs, and you, my children." Peter's children had crept close to him, during the narrative; and, though finiſhed, they still were in the attitude of people who listen; the tears trickled down their cheeks. "Be happy," said the good old man to them, "heaven has at last rewarded me with your love." With that he embraced them all round; Louisa kiſsed him twice; and all the happy family withdrew for the night.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communication by *Alexander Simple* is received, and ſhall have a place as soon as poſsible.

The gentleman who has taken the trouble of transcribing some chapters from Humphry Clinker, has engaged in a very fruitleſs labour; as no extract from a work so universally known would be proper for the Bee.

The Editor does not recollect to have seen the epistle signed *Capricornus.* He is at great pains to notice all the pieces he receives, as soon after they come to hand as poſsible, and he believes very few have escaped his notice.

The letter communicated by *Enthusius*, is not in the happiest strain of humour; nothing in that strain which is not excellent, ſhould be publiſhed.

The performance communicated by a *good fellow*, has been frequently printed; and its excellence is not such as to entitle it to a republication in the Bee.

The performance by *A. M. M.* is received, and ſhall be duly attended to.

Benedict's very excellent fable was duly received; it was an omiſsion not to have sooner mentioned it, which arose from a circumstance entirely accidental.

The verses by *Voltaire*, translated by *J. D******, were scarcely worth the trouble.

The Editor is much obliged to *A. B.* for the very beautiful unpubliſhed song, by *Thomson*. His directions ſhall be duly followed.

The translation of the French lines by *W. S.* is indeed far from being literal; so far from it, that the leading idea is entirely lost.

The verses by *J. B.* would require to be better poliſhed before they be laid before the public. It is recommended to the writer to keep them by him for some time and revise them.

The sonnet by *Paleologus* is received, and under consideration.

The very obliging letter of *Theologus* is received. It will give the Editor much pleasure, if his wiſhes ſhall be accompliſhed; but that depends on others.

The competition piece *O. Cives*, &c. came just in time, and no more; as also that by *Meschezabel.*